MARVEL

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TABOO
B. EARL
PHIL NOTO

DAREDEVIL & ECHO

THE WINDON SCHOOL, HERALD SQUARE.

SO OFTEN, CREATION STORIES BEGIN IN THE DARKNESS...

...AND THEN MOVE INTO THE LIGHT, INTO A STATE OF SEEING. WE HUMANS ARE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT CREATION THROUGH OUR SENSES.

ANOTHER TYPE OF CREATION STORY EXPLORES IDEAS AROUND TWINS. CAN ANYONE NAME A CREATION MYTH WHERE THERE ARE TWINS?

HEY, FREAK... YOUR MOM HAVE SOME FUN WITH THAT GUY BEFORE SHE KILLED HIM?

DIRTY MOMMY DOING DIRTY DEEDS WHILE LITTLE LEOR WATCHES IN THE CORNER.

LEOR?

ROMULUS AND REMUS ARE TWINS IN ROMAN MYTHOLOGY. THEY FOUNDED ROME.

THEY'RE ALSO LIKE CAIN AND ABEL...WHERE ONE BROTHER KILLED THE OTHER.

YEAH, LIKE YOUR MOM KILLED THAT GUY LAST NIGHT, YA WEIRDO.

FREAK.

As a child, **Matt Murdock** lost his sight due to an accident involving radioactive chemicals. But that same accident caused his other senses to become heightened, and now Matt uses his extraordinary abilities to fight for justice as the vigilante **Daredevil**!

Born deaf, **Maya Lopez**, A.K.A. **Echo**, was raised by the criminal **Kingpin** after he murdered her father. Maya eventually rejected the Kingpin and became a super hero thanks to the photographic reflexes that allow her to duplicate any action that she has witnessed and make her an unparalleled hand-to-hand combatant.

Together, they are...

DAREDEVIL & ECHO

In Hell's Kitchen in 1835, Tommy Murdock was a reformed gang leader. But when one of Tommy's friends became the latest victim in a series of murders, an Indigenous woman called Creeping Death approached Tommy, claiming that the land below his church contained a portal to the underworld, which the killings were meant to unlock.

In present day Hell's Kitchen, Daredevil and Echo are also on the trail of an organ-stealing serial killer. The heroes were attacked by a young deaf girl with mysterious powers, who directed them to the now-abandoned church where Tommy Murdock once worshipped. There, the evil Demagoblin emerged, proclaiming a gate to Hell would soon open!

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As a Catholic, we are taught a lot about suffering. Suffering is important so we can reach the Kingdom of Heaven.

Because without suffering, how could we ever know joy? Joy and suffering...two sides of the same coin.

YOU ARE BOTH FOOLS TO FACE ME!

BUT IF A LESSON IN HUMILITY IS WHAT YOU NEED, SINNER, THEN I AM HAPPY TO OBLIGE!

But I don't think this is the kind of suffering they were talking about.

MY POWER GROWS AS THE TIME NEARS.

SOON, THE *BLIND ONE* WILL COME TO BRING CREATION DOWN TO ITS KNEES.

Blind One? I thought *I* was the only blind one. So this demon is working for someone else?

PUNY HUMANS!

YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR *DEMAGOBLIN!*

I realize we aren't facing Hammerhead or the Stromwyns... the kind of rogues who drop with a strong right hook.

FAKE DEVIL... I WILL USE YOUR HORNS TO PLUCK YOUR EYES FROM YOUR HEAD AND FEED YOU TO THE CROWS.

IT IS ONLY YOUR *SOUL* I NEED.

SKREEEK!

AARGH!

Her scream disrupts my sonar.

KRUMCH!

OOOOFFFF!

RED!

NOT SO FAST, MISSY!

MOST UNUSUAL! MY SHRIEK HAS NO EFFECT ON YOU?!

There's no way Echo can read my lips from way up there.

I HAVE OTHER METHODS TO PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR POINTLESS EXISTENCE.

My "vision" is still hazy...

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN, FALSE DEVIL. FOR WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, I WILL TEAR YOUR SOUL FROM YOUR MORTAL COIL AND OPEN THE GATE.

...as Echo's blurry frequency falls from above.

Demagoblin needs *my* soul? But I can't think about that now as I try to focus.

The shriek makes it difficult to know exactly where Maya is...

...so I ***taste*** the air as she falls.

THANKS.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

I never forgot how her hair felt on my face.

I quickly let her go so I don't make it weird.

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO NEED SOME HELP ON THIS ONE. THE ABYSS UNDER THE ALTAR, THE CHANTING REALITY-BENDING LITTLE GIRL AND THE APPEARANCE OF DEMAGOBLIN MAKES THIS SERIOUSLY SUPERNATURAL.

DOCTOR STRANGE?

GREAT IDEA. LET'S SEE IF THE GOOD DOCTOR'S HOME.

1835.
ST. MATTHEW'S.

I MORTAR'D THESE BRICKS AND WASN'T E'EN KNOWIN' WHAT LAY B'LOW.

SOMETIMES IT'S BEST TO HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT. I PRAY TO THE CREATOR WE ARE NOT TOO LATE.

WHA' DIDYA MEAN 'BOUT IT BEIN' ME DESTINY, CREEPING DEATH?

TOMMY, DON' LISTEN TA THIS INJUN WITCH. LET'S JUS' GET DOWN THERE 'N KILL THA BASTARDS THA' DONE THIS TA SEANIE-BOY.

THERE ARE MANY SICK, BROKEN SOULS IN THIS WORLD. YOURS HAPPENS TO HAVE MORE PURITY...THEREFORE MORE POWER.

WHA' THE...?!

THE GATE IS COMPLETED. WE ARE TOO LATE.

POUNDS OF HUMAN FLESH. EXACTLY AS FORETOLD.

IS THA' A...?

HEART? AND SPLEEN, KIDNEY AND SKIN. EACH CONNECTS TO A DIRECTION... AND TO AN ELEMENT.

HEART TO FIRE, SPLEEN TO EARTH, KIDNEY TO WATER AND THE SKIN TO AIR. THE ELEMENTS OF CREATION. AND THE FIFTH--

--IS SPIRIT. WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, TOMMY MURDOCK.

YOUR SOUL WILL BRING THE *BLIND ONE* FORTH.

CIAN, KILLIAN... GRAB HIM AND BRING HIM TO THE ALTAR!

WHA' THE...?! FATHER EMMETT?!

AN' YER ACCENT...IT'S *CHANGED.*

CIAN, KILLIAN... WERE YOU THE ONES KILLING FOR FATHER? DID YOU KILL SEANIE-BOY?

THE PAY'S GOOD, TOMMY. TOO GOOD.

PLEASE, TOMMY. THIS IS FOR THE FUTURE OF HUMANKIND.

YOUR SOUL WILL OPEN THE GATE SO THE *BLIND ONE* CAN GIVE US THE KINGDOM WE DESERVE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS *DIE*.

NA' IF *YOU* DON' FIRST!

YA ALL KEN GO STRAIGH' TA *HELL!*

DO YOU TRUST ME, TOMMY?

I DONNA BARELY KNOW YA!

EITHER WAY YOU'RE GOING TO DIE TONIGHT. ONE WAY, YOU'LL SAVE THE WORLD...THE OTHER, YOU'LL DOOM IT.

GET HIM TO THE ALTAR! THE TIME APPROACHES!

JERSEY CITY.
11:11 P.M.

BLOOD WE DRANK...

...FLESH WE--

LEOR!

<I HAVE TO GO TO WORK, MOYA LYUBOV.>*

OKAY, MOMMA!

*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.

HELLO, LITTLE LEOR.

WHAT THE...?

I'VE FELT YOUR PAIN FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL, CHILD.

AND I HAVE AN OFFER YOU WILL NOT REFUSE.

The doctor is not in. I had a feeling this would be the case.

SO, WHAT NOW?

I'M GOING TO SEE MY PRIEST. I HAVE A HUNCH ON HOW TO GET MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THE OLD CHURCH.

GOT IT. AND I'LL FOLLOW UP ON THE YOUNG GIRL AND MAKE SURE SHE'S OKAY.

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. DEMAGOBLIN MIGHT BE CONNECTED TO HER TOO. BUT DON'T ENGAGE, JUST OBSERVE.

OF COURSE. HOPEFULLY STRANGE GETS BACK BEFORE THINGS GET WORSE.

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES WHERE OLD-FASHIONED FAITH MIGHT BE ALL WE'VE GOT.

FAITH IS BLIND HOPE. I LIKE TO SEE MY OPTIONS BEFORE I MAKE A CHOICE.

GOD DOESN'T ALWAYS SHOW US ALL THE OPTIONS. SOMETIMES WE JUST HAVE TO TRUST IN HIM.

YOU AND YOUR CATHOLIC WAYS. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO GO INTO THOSE WEEDS WITH YOU.

WE ALL NEED OUR NORTH STAR.

NORTH MEANS TRIALS AND HARDSHIPS. I'D RATHER HAVE MY *EAST* STAR.

FAIR ENOUGH. MEET BACK AT THE OLD CHURCH IN A FEW HOURS?

SEE YOU SOON, RED. HOPE YOUR NORTH STAR GUIDES YA!

THE CHURCH OF SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

I always have felt a sense of peace when I stand in front of my parish.

But tonight, I'm feeling anything but peaceful.

I know demons are real...and I know monsters exist.

But usually, my little slice of Hell is filled with gangsters and guns, not real devils.

I'm the only devil in this kitchen...

...and I plan to keep it that way.

KNOCK KNOCK

creeeaakkk

YES?

FATHER. I NEED YOUR HELP.

YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS, DAREDEVIL?

LATE.

I SUSPECT YOU'RE NOT HERE FOR CONFESSION.

CAN YOU SHARE WITH ME ANY INFORMATION ON THE CHURCH OVER ON 57TH THAT'S GOING TO BE DEMOLISHED?

ST. MATTHEW'S?

THAT'S THE ONE.

WHEN IT WAS CONDEMNED, THE CITY BROUGHT OVER EVERYTHING THAT WASN'T NAILED DOWN.

I'VE GOT IT ALL STORED IN THE BASEMENT. YOU'RE WELCOME TO TAKE A LOOK.

The history of the Church is often buried deep in its bowels.

A place where secrets are kept, if you know where to look.

IT'S NOT A LOT. A FEW BOXES FILED WITH SOME OLD LEDGERS, A BROKEN PATEN, A MISMATCHED SET OF AMPOULES AND A STRANGELY INSCRIBED CIBORIUM. THERE'RE A FEW OTHER ITEMS, BUT THEY'RE ALL MOSTLY UNUSABLE.

THE LEDGERS MIGHT BE USEFUL. I'M CURIOUS WHO BUILT THE CHURCH.

HOW'S YOUR LATIN, DAREDEVIL?

NOT GREAT, FATHER.

FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, THE SISTERS MADE SURE MY LATIN WOULD NEVER LEAVE ME. EVEN IF IT TOOK A FEW CRACKS ON THE KNUCKLES.

THIS LEDGER PICKS UP JUST AFTER THE FIRE, WHICH CONSUMED A LARGE PART OF THE CHURCH. THEY REBUILT IT LATER THAT YEAR.

WHAT YEAR WAS THAT?

THE FIRE WAS IN 1835. THEY FINISHED REBUILDING ST. MATTHEW'S IN LATE 1836.

ARE THERE ANY LEDGERS PRIOR TO THE FIRE THAT SURVIVED?

YES, JUST THIS ONE. IT WAS THE VERY FIRST LEDGER, FROM WHEN THE CHURCH WAS OPENED. EVEN HAS THE ORIGINAL MASONS WHO HELPED BUILD IT.

THAT COULD BE OF INTEREST.

THERE'S A HAND-SCRAWLED NOTE ABOUT THE POSSIBLE CAUSE OF THE FIRE BEING AN "INDIAN WOMAN WITH A HANDPRINT."

A possible relative of Echo's? Or just a coincidence? But the words he says next make me realize that this goes deeper than just coincidence...and feels more like fate.

COLIN UNDERWOOD BRIAN O'SHANNON, TOMMY MURDOCK...THERE'S ABOUT TEN OR SO OF THESE MASONS WHO WERE ALSO PARISHIONERS.

HUH. SAYS NEXT TO TOMMY MURDOCK THAT NOT ONLY WAS HE ONE OF THE MASONS WHO BUILT ST. MATTHEW'S...BUT HE ALSO PERISHED IN THE FIRE.

Tommy Murdock.

A name buried in my past.

One that my family whispered...a black sheep in our clan.

Tommy was a gangster, a hooligan and, of course, one hell of a fighter...

...just like every Murdock after him.

OOOF!

BRING HIM TO THE ALTAR!

AND PLEASE...

...KILL HER!

TOMMY, HAVE FAITH. YOUR DEATH WILL BRING A NEW GOD INTO THIS WORLD. ONE WHO WILL GIVE US A FRESH CHAPTER IN OUR HUMAN EVOLUTION. YOU'LL BE A HERO!

BUT I DONNA WANT TA DIE TONIGHT!

TOMMY, THIS IS YOUR DESTINY. IN ORDER FOR ME TO DEFEAT THE BLIND ONE, YOU MUST WILLINGLY LEAVE YOUR MORTAL FLESH BEHIND.

DEST'NY? TA DIE?! YER CRAZY, YA OLD WITCH!

GIT THESE MANKY BASTARDS OFFA ME!

LET GO AND HAVE FAITH, TOMMY.

BELIEVE IN EVERYTHING I'VE TAUGHT YOU, TOMMY MURDOCK...AND KNOW THAT IT IS FOR THE BLIND ONE.

I ONLY PRAY TA GOD N' JESUS, OUR LORD N' SAVIOR.

LET THE BLIND ONE DRINK YOUR BLOOD TO MAKE HIM WHOLE.

YAAAHRGHH!

I KNOW THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, TOMMY. BUT YOU NEED TO OPEN THE GATE SO I CAN WALK THROUGH AND FACE THE BLIND ONE ON MY OWN TERMS.

FOR THAT TO HAPPEN, YOU MUST LET GO AND BE A *WILLING SACRIFICE.*

YER FOOLIN' WIT MEH, AIN'T YA?

THINK OF YOUR CHILDREN, TOMMY. THE FUTURE.

YER ALL AIMIN' TA SLAY ME?!

I PROMISE I'LL STOP THIS ANCIENT EVIL ONCE AND FOR ALL... AND I'LL SAVE YOUR SOUL AS WELL.

BUT YOU MUST FREELY GIVE IT SO I CAN SAVE OUR LAND AND OUR PEOPLE!

YOU WILL DO NO SUCH THING, WITCH.

THE BLIND ONE WILL AWAKEN, AND YOU WILL NOT STOP THE FORETELLING.

THE NEW CREATION IS NEARLY UPON US!

Aqua vivificat, aqua videt.

Caro sanatur.

Mors nascitur ad vitam, vita in morte nascitur.

Faciat Creator Unus, ut Caecus iterum visurus sit!

"ST. MATTHEW'S IS THE EPICENTER.

"THESE KIDS ARE CONNECTED TO IT...AND THE DEMAGOBLIN.

"SAME STRANGE HEARTBEAT. JUST LIKE THE GIRL.

"ANY LUCK FINDING HER?"

NO. BUT I FOLLOWED THIS BOY WHO STRUCK ME AS BEING A BIT...OFF. SEEMS LIKE MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT.

AND HE'S BEEN CARRYING THAT SACK WITH HIM THE WHOLE TIME.

"I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHAT'S IN THE SACK."

NO TRESPASSING.
CONDEMNED

THE BOY. HE'S FAMILIAR. I RECOGNIZE HIS SCENT FROM THE CRIME SCENE.

YOU THINK DEMAGOBLIN IS BEHIND ALL THE MURDERS? USING KIDS?

THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON IN THIS CHURCH. SOMETHING SICK AND TWISTED.

I'D HAVE TO AGREE. YOU WANNA GRAB THE KID OR SHOULD I?

CRASH

OUT OF MY WAY, DEVIL!

THERE IS A *DEMON* IN THIS CHILD...

...AND GHOST RIDER MUST SEND IT STRAIGHT TO HELL!

TO BE CONTINUED!

Demagoblin has awakened a dangerous and violent force beneath the streets of Hell's Kitchen. Luckily, Daredevil doesn't only have friends in high places. He's got them in low ones too—all the way down to HELL! You know 'im, you love 'im, and in this issue, **GHOST RIDER** makes his presence known!

Email us at MHEROES@MARVEL.COM and mark your messages "okay to print" for a chance to see them answered in future issues!